





I Want a Harem But She is Very - Volume 01

Chapter 00-01

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Prologue and Chapter 1

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Prologue



“... Huh?”

January was almost over, but the weather was still freezing.

The boy who wore an undershirt with his uniform on top of it showed an idiotic expression.

“Eh? What, what the hell?”

Unbelievably, a whirlpool of rainbow lights appeared on the path he usually took to go home.

In the modern twenty first century Japan, a boy living in a corner of Shizouka prefecture encountered an unknown mystery out of the blue.

“.....”

No wonder he was showing such an expression.

Most people would be stupefied before such a sudden event.

The boy opened his mouth wide and stood stiff.

“—!”

Inspiration struck him.

Like a flash of lightning coursing through his brain.

He knew, he knew what this situation was.

— Summoning magic—



That was the conclusion the boy had.

“Are, are you for... real...”

The boy’s body wouldn’t stop trembling.

“Could could could this be—!”

The sense of wonderment and enthusiasm welled up within him.

“Is it here!? Is it finally here!?”

The boy who almost lost control of his bowels because of the chemicals secreted from his brain felt immense joy from his very soul.

“Ehhh... Whoa...”

His father was an obsessed Otaku and his mother was a Cosplayer.

With the elite education from his parents, the boy had a pure bloodline.

“Whooaaa...”

The excellent Japanese bloodline amongst all Otakus.

He was a true elite through both heritage and knowledge.

For the high school boy who had a head of brown hair, it was impossible for an alternate world not to summon him.

The boy had already ran millions of simulations in his mind in the event that he encountered things like summoning, reincarnation, traveling to another world, time travel or possession.

The boy knew that there was no need to suppress his excitement and reacted as fast as lightning.

“Whhooooaaaaa!”

He roared.

Opening his school bag, he grabbed a pen from his pencil case.

There was no time, there was no fucking time.

“Hurry up ahhhhhh!”

He grabbed a notebook scattered on the floor and wrote with the urgency of a murder victim writing down the name of the culprit.

As though he was possessed by the spirit of Asura.

It couldn't be helped, since he didn't know when the summoning spell would disappear.

How many seconds would a summoning last?

Would it disappear if a fly barged in?

If he missed this chance, the boy would definitely stick his head into a toilet bowl to commit suicide. But he would not become the fiancée of a handsome blonde man.

<TL: Referring to some story with such a setting.>

It was understandable why the boy was as frantic as an idiot.

Even right now, he was suppressing his strong urge to charge into the mysterious whirlpool with his tenacious willpower.

He was writing his last letter to his parents.

This was goodbye forever, he had to leave a last farewell to his parents who raised him.

“Done!”

The boy threw the notebook containing his last words to the side, took out his student pass from his chest pocket and placed it on top. He was confident that it would be delivered to his parents.

“Go go go ahhhhh!”

He sprinted without any fear on his face, only hope.

He believed that what awaited him ahead was a wonderful everyday life.

It might be a one way trip, but he won't regret it.

The eyes of the boy was determined, but still wavered a little.

He thought: *if only I had prepared for this.*

Although the boy always fantasized about journeying to an alternate world, he

felt unhappy about starting out with nothing.

Why didn't he wear a suit of armour out normally? He didn't have a katana with him, no, he didn't even have a butterfly knife on him.

If he knew, he would have infiltrated the office of Yakuza and stole a couple of explosives.

No, if he knew, when his father was deliberating whether to buy a house or a tank, he would have pushed for the tank.

He felt ashamed of his previous actions.

In the end, it was the fault of politics!

The boy might be cursing in his heart, but his lips were curling in a smile.

Objectively speaking, it had only been ten seconds since he saw the mysterious whirlpool.

The boy tidied the hood that stuck out from under his uniform and started going through the summoning scene he had imagined countless times.

“Jump for it!”

He spread his arms in a leap and entrusted his body with the whirlpool.

He screamed:

“Instead of a Tsundere, I prefer a Choroin——!”

A cry from his very soul.

For the boy who had yet to give anyone his first kiss, he had already become the main character for a story.

Since it was a story, heroines would definitely be needed.

What the boy who had been single for ten odd years wished for was a heroine he could win over with just a smile, a Choroin.

<チヨロイン, girls who fall for the MC very easily.>

He had average looks and was burdened with the sins of Otakuness, resulting in him being unable to understand the thought process of 3D girls.

The boy studied popular dramas and researched shojo mangas, but was given the 'disgusting' rejection several times.

His heart wasn't so fragile that he couldn't recover, but it still hurt.

Wasn't the 'disgusting' rejection a bit too much? What if it pushed the other party to suicide?

He put in the effort to confess so why the hell did they give him the 'disgusting' rejection? Were they looking down on society?

The boy thought bitterly.

And so, he liked Choroin. In animes and mangas, he loves the heroine that fell madly in love with the main character being snorted at a couple of times.

Hence, he prayed.

The beautiful girl summoning him (he was already certain she was one) was a Choroin.

It would be even better if the love story started from a first kiss.

Being hugged the moment they met, if she fell for him that easily, it would be perfect.

Hence, the boy used his hope of a wonderful future to bear with the incredible pain that assaulted him when he charged into the whirlpool.

His determination that had transcended into faith was offered in prayer.

The target of his worship was a Choroin of course.

Mind, body and soul, every part of him was in sync in our thought.

I want a Choroin.

I want cheat-like abilities.

I want a harem.

The boy struggled against the intense pain and flew towards the future.

With a lewd expression, he was lost in his own world, imagining a Choroin who summoned him to be a hero in order to save her world from crisis.

He waited for his moment of storming thousands of monsters and getting countless beauties in a Galgame-like future.

The boy who had been poisoned by the Japanese subculture was being controlled by his greed.

No, instead of greed, delusion would be a more appropriate description, since he was just a boy you could find anywhere.

Looks, grades and athletic abilities were all on the level of a normal high schooler.

He wasn't incredibly smart and never doubted that the scene before him was a summoning from the very beginning.

Even if it was a summoning, he never suspected that the other world might not be a world of swords and magic.

Would the summoning magic have detrimental effects on his health?

What if the summoner was a bad guy?

He never considered all these negative elements.

But it was fine, this was his nature.

The boy was normal. However, he won't lose to anyone in terms of delusions.

Even if the world was his enemy.

When he cried after receiving a 'disgusting' rejection, he deluded about fighting acolytes of darkness in order to protect the person he confessed to.

When another girl rejected him by saying 'die you Otaku' which made him cried, he deluded about fighting terrorists in order to save that girl as he took a bath.

Even when all the girls in his class warned him to not approach them, he deluded during breakfast about how he saved them all during a massacre.

His mindset was that of a hero.

No matter how much despair reality threw at him, he had the courage to go on.

That was the only weapon Nonomiya Ippei had as he began his adventure.

This was a story about courage, facing obstacles head on, a tale of a hero.

Chapter 1 Boy Meets Girl

Instead of a room, this was closer to being a huge empty space.

“.....”

In the center of the room without any furniture stood a small figure.

Her head was covered by a black cloak with white threads along its edge. In her hand was a black staff that was taller than herself.

That figure stared closely at the magic circle glowing on the floor.

Large drops of sweat dripped from her forehead, the petite mage kept on injecting large quantity of mana into the circle, carefully controlling the operation of the magic circle.

Seconds after the magic circle activated.

“It’s here!”



Without a doubt, this was a successful reaction, which made the mage tense.

And of course, the mage had already prepared the means to protect herself no matter what happens.

Summoning magic was an ancient spell that was already extinct. The reason was simple; there was no telling what would be summoned. From powerful beasts to useless critters, this magic was random without discriminating between good or evil.

Back then, the parameters of summoning magic could be control to a certain extent, but the technique was lost, gone with the wind.

Five hundred years ago, a certain country in a state of war summoned a hero in secret.

He was bounded with a collar of a slave so he couldn't resist.

Such methods were normally reserved for slaves or serious criminals, but they did it to a hero. What an incorrigible and disgusting story.

However, such tales were popular among the people. The hero had a happy ending at the conclusion of the story.

Summarizing it into three sentences, it would be:

The Hero came up with a way to undo the slave seal!

Uwah, he massacred the royal family!

Hyaa—! (Screams of the royal family.)

That's how it was.

But such 'Screw you, I am freaking John Cena—!' type of story was beloved by the people, and the despicable royal family got their just deserts.

And so, this story became a way to teach moral lessons, suitable for parents to educate their children.

Regardless of status, everyone knew about this tale.

But summoning magic fell out of use because of this.

It would be meaningless if you couldn't control your weapon.

For the user to become the one who was used would be very idiotic.

If the spell doesn't perform as the caster wished, it would be nothing but a flawed magic.

“.....”

Hence, the black cloaked woman gulped as she stared at the magic circle.

She gripped her staff tight as she watch the space in the middle of the magic circle twist and deforms.

The summon for an unknown object couldn't be stopped anymore, only God knows what would be summoned. There was no way she wouldn't be tense.

“.....”

Licking her dry lips, she went through the ritual in her mind to confirm everything was done perfectly.

She had researched the lost arts of summoning for ten years.

She was a genius, and because she was a genius mage, it only took ten years for her to revive this lost art.

For that genius, what comes next would be the main event.

Even though the mage was boasting about herself in her mind, she didn't let down her guard.

“.....”

Aside from communication spells, she embedded restrain, gravity, weakness, fire, wind, water and earth advance magic. In the worst case scenario, she could close off the entire room and explode it.

The preparations were complete.

Even if a flame dragon showed up, it wouldn't be able to harm her.

The genius who prepared for everything had no openings.

Her excitement for this unknown magic didn't get to her head. If not, her arrogance would lead to carelessness and ultimately, her demise.

The mage who understood that geniuses needed to be affirmed by success focused on the end result.

“.....”

At this moment, goose bumps covered her skin.

When she felt such a sensation in the past, nothing good ever happens.

The ominous feeling raised her nervousness greatly, her fear that something powerful might be summoned rose drastically.

“—Piii!”

A sudden thought hit her from the heavens.

—When the time comes, even a genius will die right?—

As expected of a genius.

To grasp such a truth in a moment like this.

“Ahhh, wahhh...”

When she naturally understood something that was obvious, the floodgate opened and filled her with nervousness.

This caused her tension to be replaced by horror in an instant.

“Why-why did I researching summoning magic...?”

Idiot, idiot, I’m such an idiot. The black cloak mage started to regret.

But, it was too late to turn back.

She felt something powerful appearing.

It wasn’t magic powers, but the pressure of some huge physical object falling.

“Waahhhh, waahhhh...”

Her sixth sense was ringing the warning bell in her heart loudly, her heart was filled with dread.

She was about to run when the space in the middle of the magic circle started cracking.

“Choroin—!”

“Wahhh—!”

When the mage heard the roar of the thing tearing through the fabric of space, she couldn’t help screaming.

She activated her restrain spell at the last moment.

Five ropes that could weaken and stop a dragon lashed out at the object that was roaring, but the spell aimed at the target missed.

Even the restraining magic cast with the full power of the genius couldn't capture the summoned being.

There were three reasons.

1: The caster who was spooked felt that the magic was too spread out and was in danger of being broken through by force and limited the effective area.

2: The target was smaller than expected, and the caster misjudged her aim in her panic.

“Puhh!?”

“Yihee—!?”

The last point: The target that flew out fell flat on her face and stopped his movement.

It was impossible to stop the movement of something that wasn't moving, so the caster stopped her restraining spell.

“.....”

“.....”

Silence.

In this silent room, the dark mage couldn't even feel surprise.

Overwhelmed by tension and terror, the unexpected development turned her stiff.

However, her heart was still beating fast.

Her mind didn't freeze because her attack missed, but because of the idiotic scene unfolding before her.

But she couldn't afford to stay still either.

And so, she decided to cast restraining magic at the target.

But—

“How-how do you do! My name is Nonomiya Ippei! Please call me Ippei! I am sixteen!”

The boy lifted his head and shouted fiercely.

“... Huh?”

The mage rolled her eyes under her cloak.

It probably hurt a lot when he fell, the summoned being trembled as he showed a bright smile at her.

Brown hair with an all-black outfit.

However, the yellow shirt visible through the unbuttoned black jacket gave him a casual feel.

The boy had a friendly smile, but he didn't look sixteen at all. He seemed younger than that.

His looks... weren't much as his bleeding nose ruined it.

For the black cloak mage, all these didn't matter.

The important thing was that she summoned a man.

Her summoning magic couldn't summon people, that was the way her spell was structured.

That's right, her summoning magic could only call forth non-human beings.

It would be easier to hire people directly anyway, and this wasn't a convenient magic that could specify the race that would be summoned.

Because the spell had the condition of 'summoning a life form different from the caster', it had a flaw of not being able to determine what would be summoned. If this restriction was removed, the caster herself might even be the one that would be summoned.

The mage's brain which had stalled slowly started revving, and her field of vision expanded.

"Thank you for your summons!"

And she understood.

She had summoned this child from somewhere because of her mistake.

Oh no, I became a kidnapper.

A crime had happened when she casted her spell, and she herself was the criminal.

The black cloak mage focused her cloudy mind and observed the boy.

She had never seen the clothes the boy was dressed in, but she could tell from their quality that he was from a well off family.

It would be terrible if he was a noble from another country, in the worst case, it could trigger a war.

The mage thought that she must have owed a debt in her previous life to have encountered such an event.

"I am from the school of Dark holy magic beam sword! I am confident in my

certain kill skill magic break dark flash!”

The mage who was sweating bullets heard something unbelievable.

It had a violent feel to it, normal people definitely won’t possess such a skill.

“Dark-dark holy magic beam sword...? Might, might thou be a knight?”

This was bad, she would die if his mood sours. The black cloak trembled as she imagined the worse scenario.

Right now, she had to deal with this adequately so both side could reach a common consensus.

“Uwah, the tone of an old person. No no no, princesses also use such elegant tones. This isn’t bad for the impression of a character.”

The boy’s reply was difficult to understand.

“Hah, huh...?”

For some reason, he was different from the confused summoned people who were brought to an unknown place all of a sudden, and was smiling.

“You are the one who summoned me, Okay?”

“Ah... My apologies—”

“Woo ha! Heroine confirmed!”

“.....”



The mage had lost track of reality.

The boy in front of her was too hard to understand.

He didn't stand up and kept trembling not because of the pain from falling flat on his face, but because of the side effect of the summoning.

The mage did something terrible to him, but he didn't complain at all.

"Are you my 'Meister?" Was he mumbling something because of his religious practice?

The mage was utterly confused, but she still came up with an answer by using her genius intellect.

Since there was a restriction of not summoning similar life forms, she couldn't have summoned normal human beings.

No, could it be, the one before her was—

"— Hero."

The mage muttered this word.

She didn't come to this conclusion by logic, but through instinct.

However, hero summoning was a lost ancient art.

No matter how genius she was, it was impossible for her to recreate a secret spell that was on the level of a national secret.

Because magic and coincidence were things on two extreme ends.

The mage thought about the monster who destroyed a nation by himself five

hundred years ago as she unconsciously stared at the face of the boy.

The boy was also staring at the black cloak mage.

He probably heard the mumblings of the mage before him, the boy showed a brilliant smile on his face covered by nosebleed.

“That’s right, I am your hero.”

“!?”

The heart of the mage beat strongly for a moment.

She was called a prodigy of magic and focused entirely on researching magic.

Familiarizing herself with the skills, deepening her understanding and constructing new theory was the calling of the mage.

Unlike normal girls, the mage didn’t had the time to indulge herself in love and entertainment, she focused single mindedly on the path of magic.

“You, you say you are my, hero?”

“Yup, it has already been decided.”

“... I, I see.”

Of course, this mage had no experience with love.

But right now, she felt the fire that had already extinguished within her lit up again.

How did the story of the hero who got enslaved end?

She remembered that one member of the royal family didn't end up as a slave.

That was the fifth princess born to a low tier knight, a vase like presence that had little authority within the courts. And she was the one who summoned the enslaved hero.

From the legends, it seemed the two of them were in love.

"I wished to know your name, could you kindly remove your hood?"

The mage wondered if the meeting with the hero before her was the reason why her heart as a girl was moved.

As if she was mesmerized by the boy before her, the mage reached for her hood.

And revealed her beautiful head of silver hair.

The long silver locks were brushed to the back by the mage's hands.

The petite body that was a head shorter than the boy finally showed her cute face and watery eyes.

Her skin was slightly blushed, probably because she felt a bit shy. Her pair of hands that reminds others of well-aged trees held the cheeks of her face full of wrinkles because of her advanced age.

The mage then said:

“Ryuryu Centerfield... Sixty-five years old.”



“Isn’t that a damn grandmahhhhhh!”

The boy Nonomiya Ippei fainted.

It was unfortunate for both parties, but the high class cloak the old mage wore had an enchantment that obscured identification.

If one side couldn’t see the other side’s face, things won’t conclude with a ‘boy meets girl’ perfect ending.





Happy New Year. By the way, this project is dropped. -Skythewood